692
887 ARBITRATOR--GHatpo. This word means "old man" and is probably used in the sense of "arbitrator" as an old man is usually selected for the post of arbitrator.

601 [8] AUNT--áney (paternal) máchung (maternal).

777
787 AUSPICIOUS--táSHis or tráSHis also zhakskar (auspicious day for commencing journey, etc., it corresponds to the Hindustani "mahoorat"). To fix or select an auspicious day is zhakskar lta ches. In this respect the Tibetan and Hindu procedure is identical.

589
601 BACHELOR--phórang--the word also means "widower."

453
476
792 [9] BANKER--There are no bankers in Ladák, where grain occupies the position held by money in more civilized countries. The monasteries carry on trade in grain, they lend it out to villagers on the Indian sowai principle, that is to say for each 100 lent, 125 has to be repaid at the time of the next harvest.

852
792 BAPTIZE TO--thrus táng ches. When a name is given to a Tibetan child the lama sprinkles the child with water and performs certain other rites, see also under heading "unction."

501
281 BARGE--nái (a boat or barge) dzaks (a raft consisting of inflated sheep skins covered with a kind of wattle work).

243
262 BARLEY--sóa or swa (ordinary) and nas (beardless barley or grim). Grim is the grain which is most largely grown in Ladák, it requires but little manure, and it ripens at greater altitudes than any other grain. From it is obtained the kind of flour known as "satoo," which constitutes the food of the ordinary Ladák peasant.

285 BASKET--tseypo (the grass mat basket of Ladák made in the shape of an inverted pyramid) also tenjon or trongmo (the Kashmiri kilta) huioog GHam (plain wicker work baskets) kundum (the low round wicker work baskets used for carrying fruit, flowers, etc.).

352
177 [10]
BED--charpa or mánjee. Prior to the advent of the Dogras, beds were quite unknown in Ladák, hence the Indian word.

797 red and yellow sects. The women of Ladák do not wear petticoats.
791 Their dress consists of patoo trousers and a patoo garment in which bodice and skirt or petticoat are joined together. The skirt part of this garment is called "hmadGHak" or hmad-yok", and the bodice part "stotGHak."

776 PHANTOM--hlandey or hlandrey--the name of a class of spirits, supposed to appear in various forms, and then to suddenly vanish out of sight; zumthhrul or zumthhul or chhumthhrul or chhumthhul, as a mirage; namSHet or namSHes, the ghost of a dead person; SHeelok, one returned from the dead. But see "Resurrection."

751 PHYLACTERY--srunga or SHunga. The Buddhists of Ladák obtain
777 from their Lámás, extracts, or texts, from their sacred books, printed on paper or longcloth, etc., these they enclose in a silver or copper casket (kabzóma) worn like a locket. The poorest people wrap them up in paper and tie them to a string worn round the neck or waist. [121] The men sometimes fasten them to their caps, and the women to their headdresses (peyrak). A Buddhist never wears a charm on his arm or wrist as a Hindoo or Mahomedan might do.

[121]

788 PILGRIMAGE--hnasjal or jala. Ladakis go on pilgrimages to Trilóknath, the Manasarwar lake, Jowála Mukhi and other places of Hindoo pilgrimage.

276 PIPE--kanzak, or respectfully zhalzak, a tobacco pipe with a straight stem, about 10 inches long, and with small round bowl. They are made of brass or iron, and sometimes silver plated. This is the pipe of the traveller and of the villagers. Townspeople use the Indian pipe which they call "cheelam" or "gurguri cheelam." The Baltistán pipe, which is also used by Ladakis, is called "roocho-cheelam," or respectfully "doncheelam" "poori" a pipe for conducting water, etc.; "oldong" the windpipe.

595 [123]POLYANDRY--There is no word for this. Polyandry is almost
753 universal among the Buddhists of Ladak. For further information, see under the heading "Marriage." It is said that polyandry induces leprosy, but in Ladak the disease is unknown, though

177
805
[787]

without water; therefore they are in friendly relation to each other: iron, on the other hand, is the bitter enemy of wood, for the iron axe cuts down the tree and splits the wood.

The week is calculated according to the Aryan system which the Indian priests and astrologists brought to Tibet along with Buddhism. In accordance with this, the seven days are named after the seven planets of ancient astronomy which, as is well-known, counts the sun and the moon among the planets. Thus arose the names "planet sun" (gza nyi-ma) for Sunday; "planet moon" (gza lda-ba) for Monday; "planet red-eye" (gza mig-dmar; red-eye because of the red light of Mars) for Tuesday; "planet Mercury" (gza lhag-pa) for Wednesday; "planet Jupiter" (gza p'ur-bu) for Thursday; "planet Venus" (gza pa-sans) for Friday; "planet Saturn" (gza spen-pa) for Saturday. These designations, therefore, correspond to those of the Romans, the French, and others. As among the Romans, seven signs for the seven days of the week have also been introduced among the Tibetans: a circle for Sunday, a moon sickle for Monday, a (red) eye for Tuesday, a hand for Wednesday, a dagger for Thursday (compare the thunder bolt of Jupiter and of Indra, the hammer of Donar), a ribbon with one end pointing to the right for Friday, and a bundle (like staffs?) for Saturday. Like the years of the twelve-year cycle, each day of the week is connected with one of the five elements and through this it receives its color and its character: Sunday and Tuesday are connected with fire; in accordance with this they are red, "angry" days, on which one should beware of undertaking anything of importance; Monday and Wednesday are blue, by their connection with water; "blue" Monday, like "white" Thursday (air) are equally days of good fortune auguring success for all undertakings; "blue" Wednesday and "yellow" Saturday (earth) are only good for receiving (payments of wages, gifts, and the like), but not for giving and paying out money, a "weighty" reason for debtors to neglect paying their debts; "yellow" Friday (earth) is neutral, neither a good day nor a bad one.

805
177
•777
822

805
177

The day is divided into 12 sections (k'yim, rag-pa) each of which correspond to two of our hours.

1 k'yim (rag-pa) has 5 ĉu-t'sod with 24 minutes each;
1 ĉu-t'sod has 60 ĉu-sran (2/5 minute = 24 seconds)

rapid amble to their home. In the house of Dragshos there was great rejoicing over the result of the matchmaking, which finally could not be ignored even by the one who was most closely concerned by it: Drogpa Namgyal. ooo

Again at the Soothsayer's

Yet there was still a great anxiety to be banished for Lobsang Wanggyal: How would the gods and the demons be disposed towards the intended marriage? This could again only be found out by the soothsayer and astrologist Dordje Dud-joms, the devil-tamer, so he had been told. The day immediately following the carrying over of the asking beer Lobsang Wanggyal rode to Lamayuru to the soothsayer, for the first time in a long while. Since the time of the birth horoscope for his son, the Dragshos had carefully avoided the man; the latter had overdone things a little at that time with his calculation of misfortune, and the idea had dawned upon the Dragshos that there always existed a certain relationship between this activity and the /63/ money bag of the person who commissioned it. But one could scarcely go about arranging such an important matter as a marriage in the family without consulting the onpo at all. Who else knows how to read fate in the stars and to interpret the dark signs the way the onpo does? The latter had certainly noticed that the Dragshos had avoided him in the last few years and he was probably determined to be careful this time. It did not pay to spoil things with the Dragshos and his tribe. One should not lose such good customers. 787

The devil-tamer went to work immediately after the Dragshos had left his cell. He compared the horoscopes at birth of the prospective couple and tested to see whether the zodiacal signs of the years of birth, the elements and the constellations were in a friendly, hostile or neutral relationship to each other, whether the astrological signs for life, body, power, and "wind horse" (lun-rta) (40) of the two were

40. A mythical horse which carries on its back the valuable wishing gem (Tibetan, yid bźin nor-bu; Sanskrit cintamani) and which is supposed to bring people wealth and happiness. The "wishing horse" is often seen on prayer flags, magical pieces of paper, and the like, on which it is drawn. [177]

favorable and harmonized with each other or whether they were hostile

787 and presaged the anger of the gods. Dorje Dud-joms cut things short this time. When Lobsang Wanggyal asked for the horoscope two days later, the onpo received him with a friendly smile. "You can rejoice, gaga (gracious sir), your horoscope is not bad this time. The forces resisting the intentions of the betrothed couple are not too great. This might be quite different; all the things that we have seen in this respect!" The Dragshos could believe that fully, just judging from his own observations. "The mighty water deities especially are favorably inclined towards you--at least until now. Your ample lu-stor (offering to the water gods) and the reading of the book klu-abum (book of the 100,000 water gods) have put them into a favorable mood, too. Only the Don and Dre demons are not of a favorable disposition anyhow; you cannot trust them. Perhaps you have been somewhat negligent in recent times with your offerings and the reading of the necessary books. You should just catch up with what you have neglected; I have written down the books that you must have read and the offerings that should be presented. And--wait a minute! Something just occurs to me--I had almost forgotten about that. You want to hold the wedding in the [776] first month of the new year. In that month a new Lha (god) just wants /63/ to move into the gods' tree in Tingmogang, where you are going to have the first wedding festival. This god is as yet unknown and so he cannot be trusted. You must immediately put him in a good mood through offerings. He comes from Hundar. There he raged terribly and in his rage brought smallpox to the people of the village of Hundar. Surely you know that there and in the neighboring villages over eighty people died of smallpox. Then the lamas drove the Lha away by their formulas and exorcisms. Now he is about to move into the gods' tree in Tingmogang, as the lamas who live there have found out. Therefore, be careful and get yourself on good terms with the Lha right away so that he will not ruin your plans. The main wedding feast, which will be held in Tingmogang in the house of the bride's parents, should take place on the 21st of the first month. That is a Thursday (41), a propitious day for all marriages; the other days of the week are

• 777 41. Among the peoples of the East, as among those in the West, including also our Germanic ancestors, Thursday is accounted a lucky day for marriages; to the gza-p'ur-bu (Jupiter's day) there corresponds in Old High German Donar's day, the day of the Thunder (Storm) God Donar who with his weapon, the hammer, protected marriage, just like

Jupiter with his thunderbolt. Friday was considered a day of evil portent. 777

either unlucky or at least less propitious for the purpose." The devil tamer who was in a very good mood today, gave Lobsang Wanggyal many another piece of "good advice" of the same tenor, until the latter's head was buzzing and he no longer knew whether the horoscope was actually good or bad. The fee was moderate this time for a marriage horoscope--five rupees. But at parting the onpo called after Lobsang Wanggyal: "Be so kind as to send a sack of barley soon; I have hardly a handful of roasted barley flour for kollag and I will have to suffer hunger if I don't get something soon; this is my last kollag," and in so saying the onpo pointed at a lump of the size of about two fists. "Oh, oh (yes, yes)," answered the Dragshos rather annoyed while he walked out--he knew the "distress" of the devil-tamer only too well--and to himself he mumbled: "I shall take my time over sending him the barley." The onpo had mumbled something about "paying"; the Dragshos knew that kind of paying too. 787

The Ransom Beer (42) 583

42. Tibetan holtshang (hol-ĉan). The word indicates the fact that through complicated negotations and by purchase, the bride must be "ransomed" from the control of her parents and of her tribe.

A month later a small caravan of Kalatse people walked and rode across the plateau to Tingmogang. In the early morning seven men and women had already carried seven clay jugs /following p. 64 there are two full-page illustrations, the first with the subtitle: "Lama with a magical bell and a magical dagger"; the second showing a man "at the weaver's loom."/ /65/ in carrying baskets, filled with beer, each jug containing from eight to ten liters. A little later followed Lobsang Wanggyal with his brother Stobsldan, his brother-in-law Tsang Sodnam with other men of his relation and p'as-pun, all riding on horseback. They all went immediately to the house of Norbu Wangchug. After they had arrived in the living room-kitchen, Stobsldan placed a greeting cloth (k'a-btags) (43) on the little table in front of the owner 584 [431]

43. k'a-btags (pronounced k'atag.), greeting cloth or greeting 000

2a [cf. cat. 116, p. 60 - footnote 43 - Analyst]

again have flour porridge on this occasion. Affluent families can afford a meal of rice with meat and vegetables (mostly vegetables growing wild or white beets), with a spiced sauce (curry), or noodles (rgya-t'ug, that is, "Chinese soup"); or drim-t'ug, a soup with little rolls of dough, often also with meat and vegetables; dumpling soup and many other kinds of soup. A kind of dumplings made of spiced minced meat in a covering of dough (mog-mog) are also very popular. As beverage they have beer or butter tea, but rarely, and only among the rich, is there home-brewed rice brandy

Sometimes another intermediate meal, bar-ma (meaning, "the middle one"), is inserted between the breakfast and the midday meal, if circumstances seem to require it. Poor people confine themselves frequently to two, yes, even to just one very scanty meal per day.

/122/ Building a House.

After the third child had come into the world with the birth of their little son, Namgyal, who had now taken over the management of the farm, decided to build a new house onto the old house, since the space had gradually become too cramped for the growing family. The old grandmother Tsering Putrid who with advancing age became increasingly strict in the observation of all formalities, was the first to insist that in this enterprise the old astrologist and devil-tamer Dorje Dud-joms should be consulted, as well as the father. Above all the right moment to begin the building of the house had to be determined

After long calculations and counting on his fingers and with little stones, the advice finally came from the soothsayer: The building is to be started after the working of the fields on the third day of the fifth month, a Thursday (Jupiter's day). The second, eighth, fourteenth, twentieth, and twenty-sixth of this month are evil days, the third is good unless a particularly evil omen, such as the arrival of an evil spirit at the place or something of that nature, should appear. The "day of the planet sun" (Sunday) and the day of the "red," wrathful Mars (Tuesday) are both "angry days" and must be anxiously avoided in the beginning of any important undertaking. In any case, they must count upon the hostile opposition of the earth and water deities, the sabdag, the klu, and the gnyan, who have their being in the depths of the earth, and of the water under the great old earth mother (Khon-ma). In order to break the resistance of these powerful forces Namgyal

342 777 had to call in the lamas, even if he did so half against his will. They came, five in number, and on the spot staked out for the construction, they read the book of the "heaped up good luck (bkra-śis rtsegs-pa)," the words of which allegedly possess the power to exorcise the entire legion of threatening demons, so that good fortune might be able to enter into the house unhampered.

/Following page 122 there is a full-page illustration with the subtitle: "Carpenter. He works with the cross axe (ste-po), his chief tool."/

342 /123/ On the appointed Thursday there appeared a group of men with hoes and spades on the building site. Jugs with beer were already standing there in readiness. The workers received a drink and each one of them was given a few copper coins. The "architect," a carpenter with very limited abilities, stepped forth and staked off the quadrangle of the house exactly by means of strings and stakes. At the sign from the master one of the laborers came forth and, as the first one, broke the ground with his hoe. He and no other one was allowed [777] to do this: He was a "pig year person" (p'ag-lo-pa); such a person is considered as a person who brings luck, and whatever he starts is supposed to succeed. He is a man of "sharp speech" (k'a-gnon), the spirits fear his word and his hand, he has power over them. One blow with the hoe executed by him frightens the spirits and drives away the last ones that may have remained behind after the exorcism of the lamas. This "pig year person" also receives better pay than the other workers in order to make sure that he will stay till the building is completed. He had been fetched from a distant village, because no such lucky person was to be had just then in the neighboring villages. The higher pay induced him to lend his services to the builder until the end, a fact which was appreciated not because of his performance--he was the laziest of all the workers--but because of his supposed power of exorcizing the spirits, a power which was given him by his year of birth. His laziness was therefore taken into the bargain.

Weeks before they began building the men had broken rocks by the mountain and had rolled them down the steep slope close to the building site Poplars had been felled for building wood; there was no better building wood on these mountain oases. The carpenter and his assistants chopped off the branches with their cross axes, peeled off the bark, and removed the roughest unevennesses of the trunk, but left it in its round shape. There is in the mountain wilderness a great lack of strong trunks which can be used as roof beams capable of supporting

their right-hand side. This they did so that all the prayer tablets which were lying on the wall might send the Om-ma-ni-pad-me-hum a thousandfold up to the great Merciful One. The chorten that flanked the 'manes' were circled about, amid prayers, in order to implore also, by this "praying," the blessing of the Buddhas and the gods upon the land and the people. For five days, Namgyal in this way celebrated with the grandees; during the day, at the bazaar and on the polo field, in the midst of the people, and in the evening in the castle in the narrow circle of his social peers; and thus he enjoyed the gay goings-on; in so doing he also believed to be contributing his share in making the gods favorably inclined, for, after all, it was in their honor that they were celebrating.

About two months later when the days had already become considerably longer and the sun already shone quite warm into the valleys of the Ladakh during the hours of the midday, the people there prepared for the King's New Year, and again the king's invitation brought Namgyal to Leh. At this festival the king again wished to see as many of his grandees as possible around him, so that at least on these rare days he might be surrounded by a faint shimmer of royal splendor. All the more, since this also made a greater impression upon the divine helpers-in-need, who were again approached with prayers.

Grandmother Tsering Putrid this time talked with quite a special urgency to her grandson, in order to persuade him to take part in the *festival at Leh*. "Namgyal," she said, "when you tear down the great magical pole (dosmo) in Leh, you must see to it that you get hold of a large piece of a string star, wood with yellow, red, and blue strings. That will bring us luck in the new year and will keep away the evil spirits!" Namgyal had smiled at this and had said, "Oh, oh!" which sounded like half an assent. At this the old woman had become very angry and had added: "Don't you laugh, Namgyal! You have no idea how much magical power is contained in such a piece of the dosmo. When your mother bore you, I put such a bundle of sticks and colored strings from the last dosmo in her bed. Then everything went all right with the birth and afterwards. A year before, your mother had had a miscarriage and had to suffer a great deal. At that time, you see, I had no such amulet at hand. So it couldn't go right! And many years ago I once lost my coral necklace with the silver amulet up there by the slope of the mountain /135/ near the goats' huts. I looked for it for hours and could not find it. The following day I put the dosmo amulet inside the bosom of my dress, and lo and behold, I just went up

and down the mountain slope twice, and there I saw something gleaming between two large boulders--my necklace! This was the effect of the dosmo amulet." "Yindro" (meaning, "it may have been like that"), said Namgyal drily and set about his preparations for the journey, for he wanted to have taken part at least once in the great dosmo festival, and he also wanted to please the king. On the 25th of the twelfth month he set out for Leh.

The celebration of the King's New Year or Dosmoche begins as early as the 28th day of the twelfth month and in its entirety it again lasts for five days. The festival usually takes place in the first half of February but the exact time according to the Gregorian calendar constantly shifts, as do all Tibetan dates, because the two calendars can never be made to agree completely.

On the morning of the first holiday the lamas and the onpos first of all erect the large dosmo (magical pole) in an open place in the desert outside the town of Leh. The dosmo has already been described earlier. The one used here is distinguished by its height and by the large number of string stars, string crosses and pentagrams (134) that are attached to it. The pole is about eight meters high

134. The pentagram or the "witch's foot" was a frequently used symbol in medieval magic to ward off evil spirits. In Faust, Part I, Mephisto explains that he is rooted to the spot by a pentagram/the German "Drudenfuss," literally a "witch's foot," is simply a synonym for a pentagram. --translator/on the threshold. He needs a rat's tooth in order to break the spell.

and everything about it is proportionately larger than other dosmos used on other occasions, such as the dedication of a house, the exorcism of demons of disease, and the like. The lamas and some pious laymen have prepared themselves for the festival by fasting and the reading of sacred books, praying, and pilgrimages. After the large dosmo has been erected the lamas present a food and drink offering (ser-skyems) to the Buddhas and the gods.

On the 29th day of the twelfth month the lamas bring the storma offering (gtor-ma). (135). In so doing the monks and onpos

135. In the storma (gtor-ma, casting or scattered offering) the "Three Pleasing Aromas" (dri sna gsum) are often mixed in with the dough of the sacrificial cake as a special offering for the Drisa spirits (Sanskrit, Gandharva), the "aroma eaters,"

at various "beers" in the Dragshos house and in the houses of the circle of relatives and of the tribe in Kalatse and Teya-Tingmogang. The trip was to be taken to the nomads of the Jangtang highland plateau, which lay in Tibetan territory in the northeastern part of Ladakh, in order to exchange goods with these inhabitants of the upland steppes. 437 437 777

The astrologist, who naturally had to be consulted in this instance, prescribed to the people that the ninth day of the fifth month would be a suitable day for setting out on the journey. It was a Monday (moon day); the moon god who rules over this day, would be friendly towards their undertaking, while red (that is, "angry") Mars, who is in the ascendancy on Tuesday, was not to be trusted; the second, eighth, and fourteenth of the month were also not to be recommended as days on which to begin the journey, so said the onpo.

When the plan was established in every detail three lamas were called into Namgyal's house because he was the leader of the enterprise. He led the priests to his threshing floor in the open field /153/ where they had to read the "travel blessing" from three books. The titles of the books were as follows: (143): 437 789

143. The titles of the books in Tibetan read:

1. P'yogs bcu mun sel;
2. Bar-cad lam sel;
3. bSam-pa lhun grub.

Aside from the eight points of the compass, familiar and current among us, Tibetan geography has two more: The upward (in the direction of the zenith), and the downward (in the direction of the nadir). [823]

1. The Illumination of the Dark in the ten points of the compass.
2. The overcoming of the Dangers along the way.
3. The Fulfillment of all Wishes.

Further the priests read prayers to the god of riches (Kubera, rnam-tos-sras), and to the wealth-giving goddess Nor-rgyn-lha-ma with great zeal. Finally the luck-bringing yan-agug and pya-agug ceremony was again performed. The purpose of all these exercises and prayers was to exorcize the Don, Nyan, Tsan, Nodjin, and Gegs

000 previous magistrate had enriched himself considerably by accepting bribes and through fraud in the collection of the taxes (as so many of the higher and lower officials did in the country). This had finally landed him in jail.

277 Among his compatriots Namgyal was considered a lucky person. "No wonder," they would say, "after all, he was born under a lucky star. His Sparka, Mewa, and Lungta signs (astrological signs) are high; even the worst demons cannot harm him." They liked to apply [538] an old proverb to him: The lucky person (who was born under favorable stars) you may chase, you won't catch him; the unlucky person may flee, he will not get away (159).

159. The proverb reads in Tibetan: ños-agrug-la aded-de mi non / rkyen-ñan-la šor-te mi bud.

000 Thus it looked as though the ninth year of Namgyal's married life, the earth-tiger year, was also to be a fortunate year. The old devil-tamer (Dorje Dud-joms) was still practising his black art and without Namgyal's consulting him, since by now he refused the soothsayer's services completely, the latter had said that the new year would be a year of good fortune for him and his house, judging by all the signs. Namgyal's wife had secretly asked the old Gya-mt'so-pa, the fairytale teller. The latter had consulted destin in his own manner. Nothing pointed to approaching disaster, he said. The Dragshos people could rest easy.

With a contented mind Namgyal had set about his spring tasks. Then suddenly dark clouds gathered over his house.

755 His boy, Trashi Rigdsin, who had developed into a strong, straight lad with joy in living and doing, became ill of a violent intestinal disease during the summer at the time of the ripening of the apricots. In a short time he pined away to a mere skeleton. All medicines of the lharje (magical doctor), blood-letting, burning with /180/ red-hot iron, the mirror cure, the "baptism" with the drinking 000 of the magical water (160), none of it was of any avail. The lamas

757 177 160. Tibetan medicine is laid down in a series of volumes (in block-printing) in the great collective work of the Buddhistic canon (bka-agyur, pronounced Kangyur). The main work of these is the Gyud-ji (rgyud-bži). Tibetan medical knowledge is based in part on Indian, in part on

6: Gazetteer G-5 (ca. 1840-1883) 1883-4 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

In the autumn the *nierpa* or treasurer, with some of the monastery tenants in attendance, goes through the whole country, and collects from every holding a customary fee called *dubri*, consisting of one *páth* of barley. In the spring a great festival takes place, known as the Ghantál Tcháchá, at which all comers are fed for one day. A long train of pilgrims may be seen engaged in making the circle on foot of the holy mountain,—a work of much religious efficacy, as it ought to be, seeing that it involves a trudge of about eighteen miles and an ascent and descent of several thousand feet. Mr. Lyall writes:—

"The third grand *lámá* of Tibet* visited Láhaul while I was there in 1867, inspecting the monasteries and giving his benediction to the people at places where he halted. He travelled in quaintly-shaped, bright-coloured tents carried on *yaks*, with a considerable retinue of monks. I saw him seated on a throne or platform built up in the open air, dressed in a mitre and silken canonicals, extraordinarily like those worn by Roman Catholic prelates. The monks formed a lane in front of the throne, up which the Láhaulis advanced in the most reverential manner to receive the blessing, and a bit of silk to be worn, I believe, as a talisman. After backing out of the presence, they made the circle of the throne, praying aloud as they walked. I saw one poor man present a pony, so the value of the offerings must have been considerable."

The principal endowment of the five Spiti monasteries consists of the *pun* or assigned grain rents already described: the rent-free land they hold is of exceedingly trifling amount. The following table shows the number of monks in each monastery and the amount of *pun* they draw from each *kothí*:—

Name of monastery or *gúphs*.	Number of *lámás*.	*Amount of "pun" collectable from each kothí.* Name of kothí.	Khal.	Teh.	Remarks.
Dankar or Lówope	90	Shám ...	137	14	Seventeen khal assigned to the family of astrologers, and forty to the Pittu monastery in Ladákh, have to be added to make up the sum total of the *pun*, viz., 1,461 khal 7 teh.
		Chusi ...	120	...	
		Todpá ...	73	17	
			331	11	
Tábo	88	Shám ...	53	5	
		Chusi ...	134	19	
		Todpá ...	10	10	
			198	14	
Ki	100	Chusi ...	379	4	
		Bárjik ...	14	...	
		Todpá ...	60	...	
			453	4	
Tángist ...	60	Chusi ...	212	...	
		Bárjik ...	87	18	
		Todpá ...	9	19	
		Pin ...	20	...	
			330	8	
Pin	100	Pin ...	81	10	

* One of the three who is born again as soon as he dies; the man I saw was fair, plump and smooth faced, and not more than twenty years old I should say.—*Lyall.*

8: Calvert G-3 (1904) 1909 Ä]4 W. Tibetans Ä]4

789 Bushans of Pin. It has three edges and an elaborate handle.

An old trick of the Bushans, which I have seen them perform, is to wave the magic dagger over a stone and then to place the stone on a man's chest and break it in two by hurling another stone on to it.

Amulets.

751 The *shungwa* is an amulet containing a paper, with *mantras* and prayers against sickness, falling stones and so on, written by some well-known abbot.

The *chhoh shun* is an amulet specially worn during a journey.

Lucky and unlucky days.

777 Special days are lucky or unlucky for special acts; *e. g.*, starting on a journey, cutting a crop, sowing a field, and so on. Everyone knows these, and *lámas* are only consulted for special occasions.

Unlucky days for journeys, when there is no time to wait, are thus evaded. All you have to do is to walk 20 or 30 paces in the opposite direction to that of your journey and you can go on your way rejoicing.

There are no lucky days for crossing the Spiti River.

[793] Unlucky days for actions, which must be performed, are thus evaded. Call a *láma* to read certain *mantras* and pay him a fee in money or grain and all will be well.

Hares.

262 The people of Spiti will not eat hares, as they hold them to be a kind of donkey. The name for them (*ribong*) means wild ass.

Earthquakes.

823 The God of the Earth is a frog and occasionally shakes it, as it is balanced on his back.

Deformities.

732 777 A child born with an extra finger is lucky, but a child born with the number short or with the fingers incomplete is unlucky. The people do not admit killing off such children.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

CHAPTER 8

MY MAGICAL HAT

000

My magical hat was more of a helmet than a hat. It had inside an adjustable band that would fit any head; and, as in the case of most tropical headgear, this band held the helmet about a quarter of an inch away from the head. That feature of the helmet and its shape gave it a conventional appearance. But it was wholly unconventional in other respects.

It was made of a specially prepared opaque glass and was as white as snow. It was so rugged that it was proof against most accidents. It could not be broken with a hammer. It was as fireproof as asbestos. It was almost as light as cardboard. And it was waterproof. It never rained when I wore the hat, but I imagine that a Himalayan rain on the magical hat would have sounded like a hailstorm on a tin roof.

777 The fact that it never rained when I wore the hat was its most outstanding feature. Therein lay its magic. And when at times I began to wonder if the magic was fancied, not real, Budh Ram, Man Das, and Rup Singh would restore my faith. Maybe India

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

is the only place where one can find such faith. Maybe that faith is part and parcel of the hillmen's belief in spirits that govern man's destiny when he walks the treacherous Himalayan trails—evil spirits that plot his destruction through avalanches, roaring torrents of water, and blinding blizzards; good spirits that comfort and protect him and drive off the evil ones. These legends and beliefs may have prepared a fertile soil for the legend of my hat. But the hat itself produced the seed that grew and flourished in that soil.

I have related the story of our departure from Manali on foot—how the villagers of Manali prayed for rain, how rain threatened as we started the trek, how destructive the downpour that struck us before we reached Koti. If I had worn my magical hat that day, it would never have acquired the reputation that it enjoyed, or perhaps the rain would have passed us by. But that day the hat traveled in a pack; it was unable to work its magic, and we were all soaked through.

The day we left Koti to cross Rothang Pass I wore my glass hat. Remnants of the storm clouds still played around the summits. There were some showers along the ridges, but none touched us. When we reached Rothang, dark clouds were swirling. There was the threat of snow and rain. But none came. We reached Koksar in bright sun that afternoon.

The next day I wore the glass hat. And as I crossed the newly built bridge and headed for Gundala, I told Budh Ram, "I guess it won't rain today."

"Why do you say that, Sahib?"

"Because it never seems to rain when I wear the hat."

Budh Ram and Man Das passed the word along to Tashi. I quickly discovered that my hat was fast becoming an object of interest—interest that grew and grew when it turned out that we were in clear sunshine all day long.

That night as Budh Ram served dinner in the dak bungalow at Gundala he asked, "Sahib, why is there magic in the hat?"

[Chapter 2; Not processed for files -- Analyst]

• 111 I groped for an answer, thinking fast as I stirred my soup.

"It's the glass, I guess—the way the glass is made."

The next morning, as we were packing up at Gundala, I said to Budh Ram, "Let's pack the hat." Budh Ram hesitated, looked at the sky, spoke to Tashi, stood undecided for a moment, and then slowly pushed the hat into a duffel bag.

We had been on the trail only a half hour when it started to rain. And it rained all the way to Kyelang, a steady rain with much thunder and lightning. That night as we were unpacking at Kyelang, Rahul laughingly said, "Man Das says that if you had worn the glass hat none of us would have gotten wet."

After that I wore the hat. I wore it to Jispa, where the Tehsildar held court. I wore it the next day to Patseo and Zing Zing Bar. I wore it the following day when we crossed Baralacha Pass and dropped down to Kilung, and the next day when we wound down the canyon to the Tsarap River and then climbed to Chakchu, a notch in a rugged range where we camped beside a pure, cold waterfall. On none of these days was there even a dark cloud in the sky. They were brilliant days when the sun burned fiercely—so fiercely it blistered even Rahul's nose. The glass hat is made for rain, not for sun, and I grew uncomfortably hot when I wore it hour after hour in the brilliant sunshine.

As a result, when we left Chakchu I announced in a loud voice, "I'm tired of wearing this hat. I don't care if it does rain. Into the pack it goes." And Man Das dutifully packed it away.

That morning we crossed Gongrechen Pass and La Chulung [132] La Pass. We were now in the heart of Ladakh, where rainfall does not average over two inches a year, where the valleys are never deeper than six inches in snow, and where precious little dew falls. And yet bad weather was making up all around us and by noon was threatening. By the time we had reached the narrow canyon that has been cut by the clear water stream that flows north off La Chulung La Pass (which means the Pass of Water and Wind), it was raining. It started as a short, spattering

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

rain that came in gusts and soon settled down to a steady drizzle. 777• A few miles south of Toche Phirche (where a scrawny stand of green grass provides some grazing) the trail drops steeply for several hundred feet down a narrow treacherous defile only a few hundred feet wide. Here the wind was whistling. It had ice on its breath, and it whipped the rain into our faces until they stung. All of us were wet and chilled through. We were shaking with cold, our teeth chattering, as we made camp on the barren bench called Toche Phirche. We put up lean-tos for our beds and stretched tarps on sticks to make a covering for the kerosene stove and the kitchen. While Budh Ram and Man Das were unpacking, they came across the glass hat. Budh Ram was grinning as he held it up and said, "Sahib, why did you pack it and let us get wet?"

It rained all night long—a steady, persistent rain. The cold wind whipped our rubber tarps relentlessly as it whined down from Pagmur Pass ten miles or more to the north. It was a bitter cold night wrapped in a soggy blanket of clouds. At dawn the visibility was only a hundred yards or so; the sun was not even a dim spot. Even when the clock showed that the sun was high, it seemed as if we were deep in a dimly lighted dungeon.

Rahul came to me after a conference with Budh Ram and Rup Singh to announce that the men wanted to lay over a day.

"Nonsense," I replied.

"But it will be cold and wet all the way to Pagmur. They don't want to get chilled as they were last night."

"Tell them I will wear my hat—the glass hat that has the magic in it."

Rahul laughed as he returned to make the report to the kitchen. I put on the glass hat and joined the group. We sat together having tea. Budh Ram suddenly jumped up and shouted, *"Suraj, suraj."* The sun was indeed out, streaming through a narrow, dark corridor of clouds. Though it quickly disappeared, it

• 777 was plain that the clouds were lifting and that the storm was breaking up.

By the time the mule train was packed, we were in streaming sunshine and Toche Phirche was beginning to lose some of its sogginess through steam. There were black, ominous clouds on a high ridge to the north, the direction we were headed. Budh Ram pointed to them, misgivings written in his face. I grinned, pointed to my hat, and then to the clouds.

133 I was a good prophet. We climbed a thousand feet or so as we
137 left Toche Phirche and soon came into a vast basin (called Kiangcha), mostly flat, fifteen or twenty miles wide, and stretching ahead and behind as far as the eye could see. This basin was covered with scattered patches of the *dama* (*Caragana versicolor*), a low bush clinging to the ground like heather. It is used as fuel in this region and has the interesting feature of burning even though green. A moss called *burtse* (Eurotia) also grew here, a moss I had seen ever since we left Chakchu. It grew in clumps as big as a saucepan and was dried by the natives for use
[196] as fuel. We traveled the basin for several hours. There were ibex above us on the canyon walls to the west, feeding off and on, then stopping to watch us, but always keeping a thousand yards or more distant. The storm that had been making up to the north swung east and then south, leaving us in brilliant sunshine all the way.

777 I stopped to put some flowers in my plant press and before mounting my mule made the announcement that I was tired of wearing my glass helmet. "Does anyone want to wear it?" I asked.

Rahul spoke up, so I gave it to him. We moved on—Rahul, the glittering white helmet, and the dappled gray mule in the rear. In an hour we had climbed a slight rise in the broad basin and faced Pagmur Pass to the north and a host of granite peaks and ice fields to the northwest. A storm that was brewing among the peaks soon moved toward us. It came faster than a horse

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

could run, sending out in front rough couriers of cold wind and sleeting rain. These couriers seemed to be on a hunt, for they chased before them a herd of wild asses. They were beautiful animals about the size of Missouri mules, with long tails, light tan bodies, dark brown splotches on their backs and heads.

They are animals that are very hard to domesticate. A young one touched by man seems to have the mark of pestilence on it, for it will never be reclaimed by its mother. Its meat[1] is said to be very palatable; the Moslems of Ladakh have indeed a great fondness for it. Rup Singh up front rode to within thirty yards of the herd that had just come over Pagmur before they broke and ran. Before I could get my movie camera and telescopic lens into play, black clouds rolled over Pagmur like a wave and washed down on us. Photographing the wild asses was impossible. We leaned forward in our saddles, hugging the mules for warmth.

I shouted to Rahul, "The hat has lost its magic."

"With *me* it has," he laughingly replied. "*You* must wear it after this."

That night the word went through our camp (just below the north side of Pagmur) that Rahul did not have the magic, only Sahib. It poured that night, raining so hard we had to dig trenches around our pup tents for drainage. The morning was soggy; visibility was cut to a few hundred yards; the air was heavy with mist and the duffel bags heavy with moisture. I thought Budh Ram handed me the hat with extraordinary eagerness this morning, an eagerness that nevertheless was mixed with some doubt. There seemed to be working in his head a conflict between his desire to get rid of the rain and his fear of stretching the magic of the hat beyond the point where it could be effective. Certainly it seemed dubious if any power could protect us from the weight of the clouds that hung low over Pagmur. Today may be the end of my act with the hat, I said to myself. In a little while everyone will know this hoax for what it is.

The magic, however, held. A south wind streaked down from

[1] [I.C. WILD ASSES -- ANALYST]

Beyond the High Himalayas

Pagmur Pass, cutting a corridor of clear sky for us. A part of the storm veered to the east; a part went northwest. Clouds hung low around the peaks on all sides of us. But in an hour we were in sunshine, and by the time we had gone the eight miles to Zara, where we got horses and yaks, the day had the brilliance of a cloudless sky at sixteen thousand feet.

And so each morning after Pagmur, Budh Ram would hand me the hat as we broke camp. Each morning there were threatening clouds. But each day we passed through a dry corridor, the rain falling all around us. On and on we went toward Leh. As the miles passed, I grew more and more tired of the hat.

"You carry it," I said to Budh Ram one morning. "And if you tire of it, hang it on a horse."

"May I wear it?" he asked.

"No, no," Rahul interposed with a grin on his face. "It has magic only when the Judge wears it. But the magic may still be strong if you carry it or hang it on a mule."

And that is the way we handled the matter. Thereafter the white glass helmet was never packed. Budh Ram either carried it or tied it on top of a pack in full view. Rain clouds swept the ridges around us, dousing them with cold water. But the rain never touched us.

Budh Ram explained it to the goatherds and villagers we met. His eyes were always wide as he said, "It never rains when Sahib wears the hat. And the magic is so strong that when we carry it we are always dry."

And when the clouds would gather at the head of a canyon or the top of a ridge we were climbing, Rup Singh would turn to me with his infectious grin, point to the clouds, then to the hat, and shake his head. The hat was a talisman of good luck that lightened the burden of the trail and gave each man a sense of security even on high passes where rain and sleet and snow operate under an evil command to strike men down.

779 in Asia, rooted so deeply that it cannot be dislodged. Lamaism
783 believes in it. A lama may walk years on his knees to atone for his
788 sins. In Ladakh, as well as in Tibet, he may do a prostration pilgrimage. He lies flat on the ground, both hands extended. He marks the point, stands up, steps forward to the mark, stretches flat again, and repeats this exercise again and again. It is common to find people doing a prostration pilgrimage around monasteries or holy places. A prostration pilgrimage of thirty or fifty miles is not unusual. It may last for weeks. One may do it for his own salvation—to get merit by sacrifice—or he may be hired to do it for another person or for the soul of a friend or relative.

One day I saw a lama coming up the Hemis nulla in a prostration pilgrimage. He was barefooted, with pads upon his knees. His robe was pulled up and fastened high. His hair was close-cropped, and he was filthy with dirt. Down he went on his stomach, then up on his knees and to his feet; then down again. And with each prostration he said twenty times, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom.*"

788 The lamas gather in the chapel three times daily for prayers.
796 I did not attend any of these services at Hemis, but students of the subject say that the ritual is somewhat reminiscent of that of the Catholic Church. There is, however, usually the music of trumpets, drums, and cymbals. There is always the burning of incense. And as the lamas kneel in the pews, the hum of "*Om Mani Padme Hoom*" fills the place.

796 These monasteries observe monthly festivals and four annual festivals, from each of which they get revenue. The people bring
• [777] gifts of grain, or goats, or cash. The lamas sell amulets, talismans, idols, and sacred paintings. They sell paper strips and pieces of cloth filled with symbolic figures.

The most notable of these festivals is Losar, the New Year's Feast, observed in February. It celebrates Buddha's victories over the heresies—the triumph of the true religion over infidelity. People come from far and wide to the monasteries and celebrate

Ti 595 587

entitled to share the daughter-in-law with their sons. That, as I say, is practiced only in central Tibet but is well known in the entire country. The children issued from such a marriage legally have as fathers those to whom the wife was officially married at the moment of the birth. That is, if widowers share their daughter-in-law with their sons, the children of that woman are the children of the sons, so that your legal grandchildren can be your own physiological children and, *vice versa*, if it is the fathers who are legally married to the woman, your legal brother can well be your own physiological son!

Ti 595 587 WT R3 777

I understand that Tibetans from other parts of the country rather despise this form of marriage. I have caught my caravaneers openly insulting central Tibetans as being *tchamadoong*-practicing. Also, when they are playing dice, I noticed that sometimes they invoke the *tchamadoong* to produce luck for them, so that she is a double kind of figure to whom they cannot be entirely indifferent: they despise her and yet, at the same time, she can bring them luck.

Ti 595 587

I do not know how far the existence of the *tchamadoong* has been reported in anthropological circles heretofore. Personally, I have never heard of this system before, except on the spot, and I am very keen to go back and study it. The case to which we came closest was the governor in the western province of Tibet, named Ngari Korsum. He was living in the capital, Gartok, when we were there. He was a central Tibetan sent by the central government to govern that province, and with him were his two sons and their one wife. She was a *tchamadoong*, the wife of the boys, the father sharing her with his sons. I was shown a photograph of her, taken by a Tibetan who had a camera from India, and that is the closest I have been, so far, to such a woman. I understand that in southern India there is a similar practice, in which a father is entitled to enjoy his daughter-in-law as long as his son is a minor, but this practice

24:Peter E-5 (1938)1963 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Lahul

shrine of the local deity (*yül-lha*, (*Yul-lha*)), where she offers up some *chang*. His father and three of his relatives have, in the meantime, carried a large pile of *tsampa* up to the same place, and they, too, present it to the god as an offering. A lama will then draw the figure of a stag in the dust in front of the shrine, and will shoot at it with an arrow from a bow he has brought. This is supposed to kill all evil which might attack the child.

Next, when a boy is between four and five, his hair is ritually cut in a ceremony which goes by the name of *Raldag* (probably *Ral-ltag*, "long hair-neck hair"). After three days of feasting in which the whole family, their relatives and their friends take part, the child's maternal uncle (*azhang* (*a-zhang*)) shears all his nephew's hair off and takes the locks to each person present in turn. In exchange for looking at the hair, they each give a small piece of money to the parents as a lucky offering.

The first doctor whom I saw was called Sönam Tashi (*bSod-Nams-bKra-shis*) and he was a lama from a village called Bardgi. He informed me that there were quite a lot of nervous ailments in Lahul, the principal ones being epilepsy and hysteria. The first of these two appeared when the person was about fifteen years old, and he attributed the cause to alcohol. He thought, too, that it might have some connection with the high incidence of venereal diseases to be found in the valley, infections which he said had been introduced from Kulu. Hysteria often brought with it symptoms of frigidity in women and of impotence in men, and he had a number of patients suffering in this way. As a cure for epilepsy, he advocated beating with hot juniper branches. Hysteria was better cured, he thought, by administering pills made of paper upon which prayers had been written.

There was a Government Hospital at Kyelang, and on the 28th June 1938 I went there to interview its director, Dr. Bhagwan Singh. I asked him about Tibetan medicine, and who the local doctors were in Lahul. He told me that there were quite a number of them and that they went by the name of *amchi* (*Am-ch'hi* or *Aem-ch'hi*). The best among them was Katug (*Ka-bTug*) of Chelling, but there were also Tsering Norbu (*Ts'he-ring Nor-bu*) of Billing, Dön-drup (*Don-Grub*) of Kardang, and the old uncle of the Wazir, Thakur Mangal Chand, *amchi* of Kyelang, whose Tibetan name was Tashi Dawa (*bKra-shis Zla-ba*). According to Dr. Bhagwan Singh, ayurvedic medicine (although I think this was only his way of naming Tibetan medicine as distinct from the Western system) was practised, but extra to this, considerable use was made of Tibetan medicinal herbs.

24: Peter E-5 (1950-1957) 1963 AJ1 Tibet AJ1
West Tibetans AJ4

during all my field work, both before and after World War II, with data and recorded facts which now make it possible for me to affirm without any hesitation that polyandry between father and sons is practised in Tibet, particularly in the two central provinces of Ü and Tsang, where it is most widespread. The following is the history of the progress of my investigation, which started with the collection of information from those who knew about the custom and ended with my actually meeting cases and interviewing them to find out how the arrangement functions.

I began in Lahul. It will be recalled that when I visited that valley, on the 21st of June, 1938, Thakur Partap Chand took me to see a polyandrous family in a house called Barun-pa (see above page 312–312). I took advantage of the cordiality which the Wazir of Lahul showed towards me to question him on the subject of the polyandry of fathers and sons about which I had heard from Dr. Kanshi Ram.

The informant immediately confirmed its existence and said that it was common knowledge, even in his part of the world, that, in Central Tibet, fathers and sons share a common wife in the same family, although the woman in this case must never be the mother of the boys. Nevertheless in Lahul the custom appeared rather strange and even repulsive, and it was quite usual for Tibetans from Tibet proper to be laughed at for this form of matrimony by the local inhabitants. They were accused of being "step-mother sharing people" which was meant as an insult. But at the same time, when playing dice, it was the custom to evoke such a shared step-mother as a means of bringing good luck to the thrower. When a seven was wanted, for instance, a special formula evoking the step-mother shared by both fathers and sons was repeated several times.

Another confirmation of the true existence of polyandry between fathers and sons in Tibet was obtained from the Reverend F. A. Peter of the Moravian Mission in Kye-lang on the 24th of June, 1938. He told me that the institution existed when the Mission was established in Lahul in 1854 as ancient records showed. At the time that his father, the late Bishop Peter, was appointed to the Lahuli capital in 1898, there were still some cases of this special form of polyandry to be found in the valley. The Reverend Peter said that he had heard that it had not yet died out in Spiti, although it was difficult to make sure because the local people kept it secret and unavowed. (As far as I know, polyandry in general is not officially practised in Spiti, the surplus males of a family becoming monks while the eldest alone inherits the family property. A certain amount of clandestine polyan-

2: Gervis T-3 (no date) 1954 AV1 Kashmir [redacted]
W. Tibetans A54

numbered, being held between two flat slats of wood. None I saw told of the history of the land—on this I could only accept the word of the Head Lama—they consisted of prayers and mystical formulae. To watch them being printed was interesting, letters and words being cut on stereotyped wooden blocks which were pressed on the ink pad and then on the page of the book, just as cloth is hand-printed with floral decorations. It is necessary for the printer to be a man of education, one who knows what he is printing and has plenty of time and patience. No wonder that new "books" are rarely published.

In the red monastery which is on the top of the hill behind the palace, there is a great image of Matreiya which is twenty-five feet high. It was erected by King Ide, who must have miscalculated its height when building the chapel in which it was housed, for the head projects above the ceiling and another portion had to be built to take this.

With every possible occasion being made an excuse for festivities, music is a necessary contribution, and this is provided by Mon musicians. The Mons were the first to enter Ladakh in about 200 B.C. The band consists of a round-topped drum, cymbals, clarinets and trumpets which are anything up to twelve feet long. The dancing seems to consist of continuous twirls with the dancers going round in circles. The first time that I witnessed this was on the occasion of a wedding. The groom was then sitting on a swastika drawn for luck on the ground and awaiting his bride. The bridal party, dressed in gay gowns and high gilded hats, arrived, dancing as they came. After the ceremony all the relatives danced, each separately, but the whole dance consisting of whirling round and round, with the dancers formed in a circle which opened and closed. The women were each holding out one hand which they gracefully opened and closed—the opening of a blossom; the men also revolving, but at a slower pace, were performing the oddest movements with their necks, which could only be described as like a chicken pecking.

By hand and head movements the dancer tells a story, but the same movements may be used to convey a different meaning in other parts of the country or on various occasions. They are a gesture language of hand, head and feet as I had known and